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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DEVELOPMENT

Out of its tomb of snow—the flower,
Out of life's bitterest woe—more power,
Out of the dreariest dusk—the morn,
Out of the withering husk—the corn,
Out of this form of clay—the soul,
Out of earth's winding way—the goal.

ANNA ANDREWS THOMAS

Baltimore, 1916

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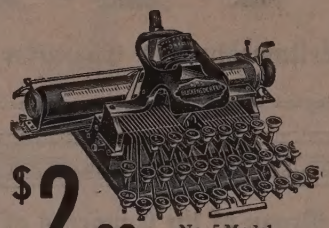

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LVXXVII THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1916. NUMBER 27

THE COOL OF NIGHT.

The summer night is stirring languidly:
The lazy crescent moon is pillowed deep
In clouds, while candle stars go glimering; from out
The west a gentle wind is come to fan
Away the smell of sun-steamed fields, and lay
A cooling hand upon the fevered pulse
Of earth. The drowsy grasses nod their heads;
The great trees stretch their aching limbs, and sigh
In deep content.

—Egmont H. Arens

Collier's Magazine.

The following extract from a personal letter from one who keeps close tab on UNITY may help others. Speaking of the forthcoming book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples":

> The sermons helped me immensely. At first I distrusted the value of the sub-title, "The Reinforcement of Faith," but it is exactly what they are and why not say it.

The Illinois Society for the Prevention of Blindness, 32 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, has issued a valuable little leaflet giving explicit directions for the prevention of blindness from baby sore eyes. It is furnished free and if these simple directions had been furnished in time and followed implicitly when baby came our blind asylums would now be comparatively empty. Why not stop this pathetic tide of human beings imprisoned for life in the cell of darkness. Every prospective mother should send for a copy of this circular.

So rapid and so desperate has been the militant legislation of the present Congress that but few intelligent citizens take note of such facts as are set forth by "Circular I" issued from the Adjutant-General's Office of the War Department at Washington, July 25th, calling attention to an act of Congress on June 3, 1916, which makes every postmaster of the Second, Third and Fourth classes a recruiting officer for the army, and establishing a $5 reward, or wage, as the reader may interpret, for every recruit thus enlisted. And this act was entitled "For making further and more effective provision for national defense and for other purposes." We learn from this same circular that the Postmaster General has ordered that "Postmasters at offices of the Second, Third and Fourth Classes will, without neglecting their official duties, render the officers of the army all the assistance possible in their efforts to obtain recruits. There are doubtless many postmasters in the United States belonging to the Society of Friends or who are otherwise conscientiously opposed to war and could not lend themselves without violating conscientious scruples to the recruiting business. We do not know that such a case has arisen but if a test case was made it would be interesting to discover how this crossing of departmental lines could be met. Does a man in accepting an appointment in the Post Office Department at the same time render himself liable to be called to do duty in the War Department?

We sympathize with the writer in the *Boston Transcript* who grows indignant over the "profaning of old hymns." One Professor Simon Patten is the particular offender in this case. We agree with the writer that "old hymns are achieved literature," and are to be taken or left, and should not be rewritten. And still on the other hand there is much to be said in favor of readjusting old hymns, particularly when wedded to loved tunes, to the growing thought of humanity, and it must be remembered that most of the "old hymns" are themselves the result of much tinkering and refining, sometimes consciously, more often perhaps unconscious revisions and readjustments born out of the shifting tastes and inadequate memories of generations gone. This writer pleads that:

> The new faith assuredly has its own validity, and since that is true, it must have its own emotional expression. It is, indeed, finding that expression. Our own generation has produced many noble hymns in the new sentiment. Whittier wrote:
>
> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.
>
> An age which can produce "The Eternal Goodness" and "Nearer My God to Thee" has no need of doggerel perversions of old hymns.

The supreme offense that stirred the indignation of this *Transcript* writer was the perversion of Charles Wesley's great hymn of which the first stanza runs thus:

> Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,
> While the nearer waters roll,
> While the tempest still is high:
> Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
> Till the storm of life be past;
> Safe into the haven guide,
> O, receive my soul at last.

And here is the Patten perversion:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Brother, friend and comrade dear,
No temptation can control,
While thy spirit hovers near.
All I treasure from thee came;
Thy kind deeds all people bless.

But this is an illustration of a very bad way of doing what might within limits be a permissible thing to do. Indeed hymnologists tell us that Charles Wesley himself was a great sinner in this direction. Both he and Watts were tireless compilers, collectors and choosers of old hymns already in vogue. When the revision is done by competent hands with scrupulous frankness the hymnology of our day has been greatly enriched. This is amply proved by a close and critical study of the "Unity Hymns and Chorals" compiled by William C. Gannett and Frederick L. Hosmer and bearing the imprint of the Unity Publishing Company. Where any liberties have been taken with the original text it is frankly acknowledged and even as scrupulous a critic as the writer in the *Transcript* will recognize many beautiful expressions of the religious life and valuable contributions to public worship in the hymns thus religiously "altered."

Eight Hours a Day

Whatever maybe the outcome of the stupendous contest now on between railroad managers and railroad employees, the gratitude of the civilized world is due to President Wilson for having so clearly stated and so firmly adhered to the statement that the conclusions of science, economic and physiologic, point to an eight hour limit as a day's work. Nothing is more characteristic of the industrial world than that increased efficiency and growth in prosperity has necessitated a steady shortening of the day. Within the memory of those now living millions of workers have seen the day's work shrink from twelve to eight hours and the collateral fact is equally obvious that there has been a constant increase in the earning power of the shortened day. No class of workmen carry such tremendous responsibility of life and property as railroad employees. The strain on nerve and muscle is persistent and constantly increasing. Whatever the solution of the wage problem may be President Wilson is right in demanding that the eight-hour limit of a day's work should be enforced on such lines as are represented by the railroad industry.

Things move rapidly in the sociological as well as in the industrial world in these days. It is but a step from the President's demand to a congressional order. Has not the psychological moment come for a federal enactment fixing the eight hour limit to a day's labor in all departments under government control which will include all those who come under the direction of the Interstate Railway Commission. It is not a very long step from government control to government ownership and if railroad administrators bow to federal direction reluctantly they may be asked to turn over their entire property at some equitable valuation.

The mind of man has been tremendously active during the last century in conquering, controlling and using the forces of nature. Is the laboring world to receive no commensurate release from grinding toil while so much of the sweat demanding labor is now being done by the unhasting and unresting forces of steam, electricity, wind and water?

It is an ill wind that blows no refreshment to the toiler. The sewing-machine, the reaper, the windmill, the automobile and the electric current might as well remain undiscovered if they are not to bring a respite from mind limiting and soul stifling toil.

Let the eight hour limit be fixed by law and then let science determine what change in wage or tariff rates is necessitated thereby. Perhaps it will be found that the profit column has not been much interfered with. Let adequate wages be paid all parties concerned from section hand to president, due interest on actual money investments, and some process be found by which the water can be eliminated from the capital stock and all parties will be served by the eight-hour installation.

Peace with Mexico

"We Can Have Peace If We Want It." This is the title of an open letter by Amos Pinchot concerning the Mexican affair in which he lays grave charges at the feet of the American newspapers who are playing into the hands of the "influences" that are trying to bring on a war between the United States and Mexico. The letter is too long to quote, the argument perhaps so technical that the careful reader would want to verify it, but that portion concerning the treaties still binding between the United States and Mexico and which point a way out of any war, with Mr. Pinchot's comments upon the same, commands our space because the would-be great newspapers exclude such "news":

If unhappily any disagreement should hereafter arise between the governments of the two republics, whether with respect to the interpretation of any stipulations in this treaty or with respect to any other particular concerning the political or commercial relations of the two nations, the said governments, in the name of those nations, do promise to each other that they will endeavor, in the most sincere and earnest manner, to settle the differences so arising, and to preserve the state of peace and friendship in which the two countries are now placing themselves, using, for this end, mutual representations and pacific negotiations. And if, by these means, they should not be enabled to come to an agreement, a resort shall not, on this acount, be had to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind, by the one republic against the other, until the government of that which deems itself aggrieved shall have maturely considered, in the spirit of peace and good neighborship, whether it would not be better that

such differences should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side, or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party, it shall be acceded to by the other, unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference or the circumstances of the case.

Governor Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut, ex-dean of the Yale Law School, calls attention to the above treaty. He says: "It is fortunate that the two countries have a treaty which ought to prevent an actual war." Certainly the question whether one country may cross another country's boundaries in pursuit of bandits and how long it may keep troops there should be a matter clearly within the scope of arbitration under such a treaty.

Moreover, since 1882, Mexico and the United States have had a series of protocols relating to the pursuit of marauders across the boundary, both ways. These protocols relate only to Indians, but there is no reason why, either by arbitration or otherwise, a settlement could not be made which would henceforth provide for protocols that would allow each side to protect the border against bandits, as well as Indians. United States troops crossed into Mexico to break up Villa's outlaw band, not to police Mexico. Some time ago, both Secretary of War Baker and General Scott said that this purpose had been accomplished. It would seem now that our troops should be withdrawn to American soil and used for protecting the border. Keeping an army sixty or a hundred miles inside the Mexican line is not protecting the border; and it is a continual invitation to the Mexicans to take action that will make war extremely difficult to avoid.

Whether the lives of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of our bravest sons and brothers shall be sacrificed in a needless war; what shall be the fate of Mexico herself, of her courageous struggle for economic freedom, of her soldiers, and of the thousands of women and children in a land already touched by famine, and, above all, the greater issue, whether our country shall be guided by justice, or incline to the side of commercialism—these are unfortunately some of the questions which we must think about until the crisis is over.

Unfortunately, too, it is easier for most people to get excited and blunder than to sit down and think out what is to the country's interest in the long run.

In the last analysis, the decision of peace and war rests with Congress. Write to your Senators and Congressmen, so that, if another incident like Carrizal occurs, there will be a strong influence at the capital in favor of deliberate action.

Yours truly,

Amos Pinchot.

60 Broadway, New York.

Patriotism has expanded in the course of history from devotion to clan to devotion to nation. There is where we are to-day. Is this to be its final form? Is the state the ultimate form of political organization, and are its interests to be supreme? On this question hangs the future peace of the world. If the Prussian conception of the state as the ultimate political unit is to prevail, and if the interests of each state regardless of the interests of other states is to be the final appeal to patriotism, then might will make right and cataclysms like the present one will repeat themselves through the centuries. Then the brotherhood of man may ultimately be realized as between individuals, but not as between states. The present war, it is to be hoped, will destroy this conception of the state.

Patriotism to-day is simply a high form of group morality; it is not universal morality. It is a virtue in so far as it checks and elevates a still narrower form of group consciousness; it is a positive vice in so far as its intense devotion to nation stands in the way of a wider, a universal morality which should consist in devotion to the highest interests of humanity as a whole.—*Thomas M. Balliet in "The Christian Register."*

Man Without God

A Sermon Preached at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Sunday, August 6, 1916, by Harry Foster Burns, Pastor First Congregational Church, Oshkosh, Wis.

" . . . having no hope, and without God in the world." This, said Paul to the Greek members of the church in Ephesus, was their condition before they came into the Christian faith. We might assume that Paul, being of the Jewish race, is lacking in sympathetic appreciation of the culture and the religion of these Greeks; but the facts are against such an assumption. You will recall that he was from the Gentile city, Tarsus; educated in Greek schools, familiar with Greek thought and literature. Indeed, it was just his breadth of sympathy, his liberality of mind, that brought upon him the suspicion and enmity of the Jewish members of the church, who hounded him from city to city, determined to undo his "heretical" work, accomplishing at last his imprisonment. Paul is not unappreciative of the spiritual values of the Greek culture and faith; but is like those who have come to love poetry or music, rejoicing to lead others to similar appreciation. He is like a man of education seeking to induct others into this wealth of mind. He is like an enthusiastic golfer, who knows the joy of following the little white ball, trying to bring others to a knowledge of this "mystery." The words he uses suggest the comparative richness of this new state of life. These Greek Christians had been "aliens," but now they are to be "fellow-citizens with the saints." They had been "strangers and sojourners" in the world, now they are to be "members of the household of God." They had been "having no hope and without God in the world," now they are to rejoice, as parts of the temple of God, of which Christ Jesus is the chief corner stone.

And these words, "having no hope and without God in the world," fittingly describe the inner life of many men in our day—the inner life of many good men. By eight o'clock these summer Sunday mornings the golf course schedule at Jackson Park is filled, and hundreds wait, while all during the day four players start every five minutes. These Sunday mornings the beaches are crowded for twenty miles along the lake shore; streets and boulevards and country roads are lined with motor cars; while the lakes of the surrounding country are decked with people. In this there is gain for body, mind and morals. The beaches are better than the bleachers. Active participation in outdoor sports will do much toward making a better race. This much is gain. But tomorrow these same men will be at their business, with perhaps motoring in the evening, and again the next day, and the next. Now what I want to know is what goes on inside men, when that is their program. What do they think about life when they think of it? Do they see in it "an empty show?" Does it seem to them a farce? Can they see in it only a scramble for wealth and position? Is it only a dry, toilsome, dusty road, leading nowhere, whereon one must travel, with no gain but to escape what pain he can, and to pluck here and there a fading flower by the way? Is the world a great machine running steadily, blindly, wherein the best one can

do is to keep his fingers out of the cogs as long as possible?

A successful business friend said a few days ago that he had concluded that whatever is done in the world that man is the doer of it, and therefore it is futile to pray to a God who does nothing in the world of affairs. That conclusion is typical of many minds, today, I am convinced. That's where we are today. Many good men, many thoughtful men, have felt we must count God out of it, when it comes to enumerating the forces that acutally determine life in this world. They are ready to say that if we would worship, we must worship man, for he is the doer, the determiner of destinies. And many of these men are members of our churches, as is the man to whom I have referred. Is this the conclusion to which we must all come? It's a great question, vital to our lives; of primary importance for faith. The empty pews of many churches is not explained by weather conditions, by ignorance in the pulpit, by counter-attractions; but by the fact that more or less consciously men have come to feel that God has little to do in determining their future or that of the world. Must we all so conclude?

We cannot do it without great personal loss. In a beautiful verse, whose lines are not at hand, a writer has told of a pilgrim band sitting upon the shore, telling of the losses their lives had known. One spoke of the loss of silver and gold, of fortune that had vanished; another of the loss of friends his life had known; and another of a lonely grave upon a foreign strand; and then came one who said his loss was greater still; for "a believing heart hath gone from me." This is life's most tragic loss; reducing it to the greatest poverty. The believing heart in time of storm assures itself with "God is my refuge and strength"; but he from whom a believing heart hath gone must face the storm alone. The believing heart declares, "God is my rock and my salvation," but he from whom a believing heart hath gone, has no firm rock upon which he can gain footing, knows no salvation from the trouble and defeat of the world. The believing heart talks of a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," but he from whom a believing heart hath gone, hath no friend when he most needs one. Habakkuk, the believer, could declare that though the fig tree should not flourish, and there should be no fruit in the vine, and the fields should yield no food, "Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation"; but where is there room for joy in the life of him from whom a believing heart has gone, when these external supports of life fail? Only pessimism is then left, the ashes of sorrow, where there should be the oil of gladness. The literature of our day is filled with the note of pessimism because the believing heart has so largely gone from us.

But the passing of faith means loss also to the world. The great friends of humanity, preachers, poets, philanthropists, missionaries, constructive ameliorators of human conditions, have ever been men who, like Jesus, ascended the mountain to be alone with God, returning to the plain to spend in service the energy there gained; to fulfill in human relationships the vision of the mountain top. The great helpful workers have ever said, like Brand, "A great one hath sent me." They have had a sense of divine mission on earth. But what if there be only earth—no divine—no mission? Then, indeed, will there be no great work done. Better, richer, is the experience of the Salvation Army lad, exhorting on yonder street corner, expecting the miracle of the healing of soul; better the faith of the devout Catholic in yonder church confessing his sins; than the experience of the man who can find in the world no home for the soul, only desert waste. This is the spiritual tragedy of our day in which men know themselves not members of the household of God; but strangers and sojourners, wanderers upon the desert.

But what can we do? Life will perish if it remains in this desert of faithlessness. Great sins which lack of faith allows to grow are present in our civilization. Lust like an awful flame threatens to devour our life. Greed, unscrupulous and uncontrolled, shakes the foundations of the social structure. Wars industrial and wars political reveal the absence of the reign of the Prince of Peace in the hearts of men. We cannot live in such an atmosphere. A noted French writer has said that since the outbreak of the war France lives again, "she breathes a free air once more." In the devotion to the nation her sons find release from "the body of this death." The suffocating air of sordid selfishness, and the damp air of unbelief the spirit of man cannot endure. It must have oxygen. In this state where we have "no hope and without God in the world" we cannot remain.

But we cannot return. Primitive man found God everywhere in the rocks and trees, the rivers and the mountains, even in the food he ate. To him the wind was the voice of God, the stars his eyes looking upon men, the sunshine was his smile and the storm his frown. Success in crop raising or in battle, assured of his favor and defeat of his disfavor. To primitive man this was a God-filled world. But we cannot return to primitive-mindedness, even for the sake of finding God once again in his world. Long since have we learned to look upon the ordinary events of life—crops and storms, the passing of the seasons—as the orderly working of nature. We have found the explanation of these events in nature herself and not in God. Most people find evidence of God's work only in the extraordinary events of life; in earthquakes, in world wars, in birth, in death. But many have come to feel that they do not need the God hypothesis to account for even these. What nature does they know or are willing to try to know; what there is for God to do they do not see.

Likewise we have journeyed far in thought about the moral nature of man. Once if man were to be saved, God must wholly do it. Man might, in compliance with the command of church, offer penance, be baptized, receive holy unction, and according to promise God would do the thing for him. It was salvation by a miracle-working God. But now the time has come when men think of salvation as the attainment of the highest development of personality of which they are capable, and the more we study the process the more does it seem that the attainment of this highest personality must be gained by faithful obedience to the laws of the spirit's life, as orderly as those of external nature. This obedience man must render. Does it not then follow that man is his own savior; that he himself must achieve whatever sal-

vation he can actually have? What, then, is there left for God to do? What does God do? Even though it means loss to life, must we not stay here, "having no hope and without God in the world?"

That we cannot go back to primitive-mindedness is certain. I know ministers who, feeling the pain of the doubt and uncertainty, and fearing for their very character, have turned back to the older statements of faith. Not trusting themselves to ford the swollen stream of doubt, they have turned back to the "land from whence they came," losing thereby the promised land of freedom and the power to help those who with less equipment must try to ford the rushing torrent. The word of God to us is, as it was to the children of Israel, hemmed in by the mountains and with the hosts of Pharoah behind; "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Painful is the doubt of the time, but it is better to endure the pain than to stop thinking.

For this forward journey I would make briefly a few suggestions. Let us begin where we are. Let us start our thinking with the facts of life as we find them. It was F. W. Robertson who said, "I know only that it is right to do right," and from that first principle he built up his entire system of belief and of ethical philosophy. Our lives as we know them, the lives of others as we see them, are given to struggle for many things; but all these things can be reduced to two primary impulses in all sentient life. Those two primary, instinctive impulses are, as you know, hunger and love. The one perpetuates the life of the individual, the other that of the race. From these two primary interests spring great complex systems of interests. After awhile man wanted his food cooked, then tools to eat with, then table, then table cover, then dishes ever more elaborate, and knives and forks and spoons, until it is a fair measure of one's culture to know which spoon or fork to use first. Still the root of it all is the primal desire for food. The love instinct likewise accounts for fashion, for display, for gregariousness. Man is a social being. He cannot realize himself in solitude, but must be with his fellows. As he advances in his appreciation of life does he feel that the chief interests of life are found just in these human relationships which we sustain to one another. Without them life is not worth the living. It is not human life at all. Deep, fundamental, instinctive, in our lives, is this desire for association with our fellows; and increasingly we see that life comes to its best when this association can be upon a basis so mutually helpful that in it all we shall each receive our daily bread in return for service rendered.

But now it happens that in thus seeking to live together certain great laws of human association emerge in the experience of men. These have been given crystal-like expression in such words as the Golden Rule. And men who have felt compelled to turn from the temple made with hands have often said, the Golden Rule is my religion; confessing their recognition of its value in these human relations, its worth as a way of getting on together. With this we may well start our journey from the desert land of unbelief. Make it our creed, and perhaps it will lead us to some spring of living water. Make it, I mean, our actual creed, the creed that controls our activity. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." In the abstract and general form it may seem easy of acceptance; but translate it into the terms of our actual concrete life, and it will be less easily adopted as a life creed. To say the Golden Rule is my creed is equivalent to saying something like this: "I believe that every man's work ought to be as fairly appraised and as generously rewarded as I would have my own; I believe that every woman should be accorded the same courtesy, treated with the same respect and honor, as I would have all men accord my wife, my mother, my sister; I believe that every child ought to have the opportunity to be as well born, as tenderly reared, as carefully and fully educated, as earnestly taught the moral heritage of the race, as I would have my own child; I believe that every person ought so far as possible be given the opportunity for the leisure, the recreation, the travel, the full realization of his best possibilities, which I covet for myself and my loved ones." This adopted as the creed of our lives means that we shall not only sit quietly wishing for such conditions, but that we shall work with all our might to bring about what ought to be. We will do it at the cost of long days of unremunerative toil, at the cost of great sacrifices, borne uncomplainingly because we shall see our loss more than compensated by this gain to many less fortunate than ourselves.

And when equipped with this practical creed, this principle and spirit of living, we look out upon the uncurbed injustice of the world, into the emaciated faces of hungry children, into the hovels from which greed collects the rent of "homes," upon the disease that plucks the tender bud and causes the flower to fade e'er the noon, upon the men and women who grope in ignorance, upon the corruption in high places, and upon all the sin that despoils our lives—we should be less than human did we not pray, "O God, the primal instincts of hunger and love, uncontrolled, bring such suffering and loss to the world; give me power to control them within my own heart that I may not add to this sin, this suffering." And as true to our activity controlling creed we work in toiling faithfulness to relieve this suffering, to bring to all the blessings we seek for ourselves, we shall not be men if we do not feel in the face of it all our need of a strength greater than our own, and come in prayer to Him without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground. And this prayer is religion, the highest, the deepest expression of this universal desire for life.

But what is the use of this prayer to God? What can God do about it? What does he do? Briefly the answer is this: When men begin to live together, they must have a leader of the group, a chief, a king, a president, a patron saint, who is the embodiment, the symbol of the life of that group. The king as known to his subjects is the symbol, the idealization of the nation's life. He is created by the group in its struggle for life and yet more life. And as symbol, as the embodiment of the ideals of the nation, does he serve the life of the nation. Two Abraham Lincolns there are: The rail-splitter known to the neighbors in southern Illinois; and the idealized emancipator of the slave and martyr president of the United States. While not altogether different these two men are not the same. The real Lincoln served the country

as its president, as the commander-in-chief of the successful Union army. The idealized and glorified Lincoln, ever held up before the pupils of our schools, has served and is serving to keep the nation true to itself, to create a people like unto himself. He is the symbol of our life, helping to make our life like the symbol.

Now this God surely does. As we know him he is the embodiment, the symbol, the idealization, of a group that includes all mankind in one great brotherhood, one great household; seen and recognized just as the appreciation of the solidarity of humanity grows, and serving to create in the spirit of them who see him the kingdom of universal love and good will. This, at least, God has to do in the modern world. And the great truth remains that if we do his will, we shall know the truthfulness of his teaching. If we take the golf stick in hand and follow the little white ball from green to green, we shall know the joy, the thrill of the game. If in faithful obedience to the law of love, the fundamental law of human association, in the home, in business, in neighborhood and city, in nation and the world, we live humbly and earnestly, we shall surely find ourselves going up alone into the mountain to pray and returning with clearer vision and renewed strength to serve in the valley below. And so living we shall find a meaning and a richness in life which will enable us to appreciate the feeling of Paul when he sees his life no longer as that of an alien, a stranger and sojourner in the world, but as that of a fellow-citizen with the saints, a member of the household of God; and we shall find in that faith the comfort, the fellowship, the joy of a home, to which we return in the evening after the toil and the care of the day. And when an experience like this is ours, then shall we once again go out with joy and with enthusiasm to lead others to become fellow-citizens of this good land of faith, members of this household of God.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me—say it, darling."
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep," "to s'eep," she murmured;
And the curly head bent low.
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pay de Lord," the words came faintly—
Fainter still, "my soul to teep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And my child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice gently whispered—
"Mamma, Dod knows all de yest."

Oh! the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry!

—*Selected.*

Ideality the Nation's Hope

In all the world there is no force so mighty as the force of ideality. The history of discovery and invention reveals that nothing material can forever resist it. Nor can society, or church, or state, or genius, or enthusiasm, or hope, or will prove itself any more invincible. Against the insidious but cumulative force of quenchless ideality, every mind may be turned, every hand raised, every passion expressed, every determination insistent, but only to feel itself gradually giving way, and in the end to be modified or overcome according to the mandates of the particular ideals that are in opposition. In obedience to this law, stubborn nature has been obliged to yield its secrets one by one, as scientific ideality has required. In like obedience, the innermost needs of human nature have been discovered, and formulated with serviceable skill and power. Similarly, every condition of the social and political and ecclesiastical world has been duly investigated and set aside, yet only in turn to be forced to yield to still further ideal modification later on.

As to the different forms of government, biography and history show that here there has been the supreme test of the power of ideality to overcome and institute, according to the conceptions and requirements of succeeding generations. A Pericles may build as he will, or the artistic or oligarchic triumph seem to be assured forever. But the coming Roman with his ideal of legal supremacy fails not to substitute this wherever needed to realize his ideality, and the Athenian civilization yields to that of the conquering force. The legalism of Rome in turn becomes materially modified by the ideality of the lonely Nazarene, and this modification yields duly to the spirit of Northern independence and conquest. Everywhere the family idea has given away to the tribal, this to the social, this later to the nationalism which now holds its head proudly aloft as the stable, irresistible end of all patriotic ideality. To be supreme among the nations, to determine the destiny of the many by the might of the one, to bend everybody's neck to the yoke that somebody has found "efficient" for national purposes, this is the ideality that is now forcing its way among the children of men, and in some quarters seems bound to have its way beyond resistance. Certainly all it needs is to have resistance become indefinite, misdirected and cowardly, and thus weakened to utter uselessness, in order to have its way until the nations of the earth shall become tributary and voiceless, and the force of this sort of ideality demonstrated for all time.

Recognizing, then, the force of ideality as unquestionable, and respecting it as it ruthlessly demands, what sort of patriotic ideality or ideal patriotism shall be thought of now, as being of most worth to the nation we belong to, as well as to all the world of humanity of which we are all citizens? Surely as a nation we have protested openly and persistently enough that we desire no conquest of territory, or interference with other nations' legitimate affairs. Surely we have often enough declared ourselves in opposition to war, and in favor of an international peace which shall abide. Surely the lesson of the world war now progressing is terrifying enough to

emphasize all that we have said and claimed and still hope for, ostensibly at least. Surely profiting by what we hear, what we see around us and by whatever light is reflected upon our vision of the future, we ought to find ourselves interested enough in our own concerns to be able to struggle mightily to grasp some definite sort of ideality which shall be an expression of our best feeling and thought, an ideality to which we can become forever loyal, and for which we can become enthusiastic and victorious, even in the realm of our heart's best desire! If we cannot do this, if here we prove ourselves narrow, selfish, wabbling and traitorous, it will certainly follow that all our pretensions are insincere, our possessions illusory, and our hopes founded as upon sand alone. It becomes us, then, to think seriously upon the question: What sort of ideality shall we endeavor with all our might to oppose to the aggressive, relentless, cowering, vicious, possibly victorious, ideality that now permeates and degrades so much of the civilized world? Moreover, when we essay to sustain and promote and glorify the interests of these United States, with just what idea shall we do it, in just what spirit, to just what end?

Of course there will arise many who will at once exclaim, "What's the use of either asking or answering such a question anyway? What we supremely need are questions and answers with reference to practical measures, not ideal ones. This world's affairs are run on a practical basis by practical persons and to practical ends. The only sensible way is to meet practical schemes and methods by others equally practical, or else to keep silent and inactive."

To this there is but one reply, namely, that every practical man and all their practical measures are at first but idealists and ideals, and that they win every success eventually in obedience to just the sort of ideality that they so thoroughly scorn. Every practical measure is but the realization of antecedent idealizing, more or less profound and prolonged.

Hence it is unquestionably a very serious matter to determine just what ideality we shall conceive and hold in mind, with reference to the prospective affairs of our nation. If this be of a low order of expediency and without reference to permanent values, the nation will surely develop along low lines and in the direction of ultimate failure. If on the contrary these be high and clear and inspiring, then as surely will we grow along constructive and permanent lines, and in the end reach the predominance in all that is desirable, that every right thinking citizen must crave.

Attempting decisively to define the sort of ideal motives which the American citizen should keep constantly in mind and hand down from generation to generation, we shall not go very far astray by indicating:

1. Adequate preparation against every sort of invader or destroyer, whether from without our borders or within. This does not mean senseless or cowardly or selfish or reckless militarism; nor does it mean class elevation and dominance of any species; nor does it mean equally unwise disregard of the real needs of our position among the world's nations, or indiscriminate condemnation of everybody who succeeds beyond the fortunes of his fellows. But it *does* mean that we shall so realize an elevated ideal of national life that neither armed foes without nor unarmed foes within shall dare approach or disturb, much less destroy, our peace and prosperity, and that we shall develop the diplomatic intelligence and astuteness required for every national or international crises. To do all this effectually will require quite as much energy and skill as the conduct of any possible war, but with results that will be incomparably satisfactory and permanent, instead of otherwise. Here is a "moral substitute for war" that admits of no just minimizing and no "righteous scorn." Were we seriously to address ourselves—the common citizen, the legislator, the judiciary, the executive, everyone—to the most timely American task of putting ourselves in such order that we need never be ashamed to show our hands on the side of right, or to demand the respect that would then be our due, we should find ourselves altogether too busy even to "flirt" with the notion of war, to say nothing of provoking or blundering into war itself. Keeping sufficiently active in right directions is the surest way of keeping out of mischief in wrong ones. But we will not do this unless we have right ideals as to what our nation should eventually strive after and eventually come to be.

2. Coming to be anything worth while, however, with nations as with individuals, requires always that they engage definitely and persistently in certain well conceived works of development. The standstill nation, like the standstill person, comes in the end to be but a failure or worse. Safety and satisfaction lie always in going ahead—but always in right directions. One of the right directions is surely that of development and conservation of our national resources. Here indeed are tasks worthy the brightest intellects, the most determined energizing. Right in our midst there are not a few invaders, destroyers, traitors, in fact, who hesitate not to trifle with our national riches, to barter them away, to steal them, to waste and destroy them with a recklessness that is nothing less than criminal, as well as with a disregard for the nation's prosperity that unfits them for further citizenship. Materially this nation has everything that it can truly need for a hundred generations, at least. Materially it should grow to be the richest nation on earth, to be the best administered and conserved, to be the seat of the best homes and industries, to blossom as the rose, and to be as stable as the everlasting hills. In this desirable direction there is work enough for all and for many generations, to defend against encroachers and destroyers, to bring into fuller and fuller light our nation's as yet untold wealth and to cultivate our resources even until the Garden of Eden itself shall truly be recovered and made permanent. But this will not be done unless the citizenship shall become possessed of an ideality that calls for it and insists upon its being realized.

3. It cannot be doubted that in order to clean ourselves of those who would belittle and destroy us, there will be required a fuller and fuller development of the specific American mind. It is a common thought, if not so common a saying, that we are growing faster in numbers and wealth than we are in persons capable of properly using our resources or legislating and administering the laws requisite for our increasing prosperity. We see how this is suggested

in private life everywhere. Where there is one person who shows judgment and skill in using his earnings or accumulations, there are a dozen at least who court the disaster all along that is sure to come to them in the end. And in public life it is no better. What legislature, what congress, what state executive or department, or what national cabinet or President has ever shown an entire sense of the common need, or an entirely or even an encouragingly reliable judgment in administering to it. Everywhere law upon law that can command nobody's respect, appropriation upon appropriation that nobody thinks necessary, demands for expenditures in quick and unceasing succession that everybody sees to be foolish and only productive of greed for more, all these where there should be exhibited all possible forethought and wisdom and restraint and—common honesty. Is there no place for a higher ideality here, no place for a mighty expenditure of energy in the development of proper civil standards and methods that shall lead on and on and ever nearer to better things?

And then, when it comes to our judicial and executive departments, what a need of a change of ideals is all too often here revealed. Quibblings and reversals and usurpations in place of even-handed and wise justice have already cried out for redress, until all sorts of crude notions of reform are not only afloat, but confirm the disrespect with which issues are adjudicated by those for whom naturally respect should be as unbounded as sincere. Nor is assurance better assured when we soberly look upon our executives one and all. Where indeed is the breadth of mind, the clarity of conception, the untiring energy, the honest regard for the needs of the entire citizenship, that should characterize with no uncertain mark the mind and activity of everyone in authority from Mayor to Governor or President? Certainly no one can say that these important officials ever know too much, have too much skill, show too much or too prompt energy of the right kind, transcend too often the partisan mind that places them in power, or exhibit the entirely comprehensive judgment that is everywhere needed. What we need, most of all, is *men*, of whom it can be said, without qualification, they are big enough and wise enough and energetic enough to fill their places, and on them we rely implicitly. But here, again, we will never have these men but as rare exceptions, until we yield to an ideality that demands statesmanship before politics, efficiency before availability, principle before expediency.

4. Another substitute for the war motive and for war energizing, is to be found in the proper development of the nation's artistic ideals. Not only have we to build our national house over and permanently, but we should build it so we shall like to dwell in it afterwards. Not entirely satisfactory are material riches or intellectual greatness, unless they be so expended and co-ordinated that the esthetic sense is not outraged. In order to avoid this, there has to be a truly artistic ideality and an unflinching obedience to this from generation to generation. One has but to look upon our architecture, our gardens and parks, our statues and paintings, our landscapes and cities, and all the rest, to become convinced that here is a field in which the best intelligence and instinct and skill that we can produce, should be engaged persistently and forever. That inventive genius cannot be better engaged than in not only making our country useful in its widest sense, but in making it an expression of the beauty that abides and that lies at the basis of all our material as well as higher satisfactions, should be said, and often and loud. We have the diversified surface, the accommodating forests and mines, the water and the rock, in fact everything that as raw material has scarcely precedent or rival. Moreover we have the actual if somewhat nebulous yearning, more or less definitely expressed, for the harmony, the joy, the inspiration that might plan for a due development of our artistic sense and our artistic capabilities. War may have its conquests that some people regard as the acme of achievement and of all good. But here is a peaceful conquest that outrivals all war conquests, and leaves only prosperity and happiness in its wake. Why not the American nation become noted as the one artistic nation of the modern world? Why not the ideality that suggests even this abound until a new majority in its favor shall overcome all opposition and bring esthetic satisfaction out of the present unsatisfying crudeness?

5. Moral rectitude, spiritual hope, and life entirely worth living! How much we do need these all observation and all serious reflection show. The workman who watches the clock, the woman who recklessly dissipates herself senselessly; the youth who sees nothing beyond the dollar that everybody persists in holding closely before his eyes, or the flitting joy that comes from restless, useless activity; the preacher who says not what he really would say; the worshipper who bows not to unknown, but rather to too well known gods; the voter who winks at or even promotes chicanery and graft; the hopeless mother clinging to her dying babe; the wrangling household, the aimless community, the misled nation—all and more; what are these but evidence of the painful fact that, as never before, the reign of "modern intelligence" has the world, has our nation, have ourselves mostly, all needed the Godlike vision, and the spiritual disposition, and the moral discipline, and the immortal hope, without which life proves to be indeed not worth living. Cut out all our superstitions and our vanities and our illusions and our vicious insincerities and our overt acts of hideous undermining criminality; what would be left could scarcely be said to constitute an ideality that the human spirit most needs, or in spite of itself most persistently craves. Even this residuum would show at best the sorry plight into which our "immortal life" has been plunged. Say all we can for this residuum, point with what pride we can to our generosities, our organizations, our progress, our instructions and pleadings; the open field for improvement before us appears to be unlimited still, and the call for better workers never so loud as now.

In fact, no one can even hint that here is not a field for energizing that will not require everyone who can lift a hand, utter a word, or write with clarity and vigor, to do his very best. Here the need is immeasurable, the call superlative. In this beautiful, rich, fortunate country of ours, there should be no lack of the Higher Ideality, no lack of the necessary strength and courage and hope required for its realization. To the affirmation and cultivation of this ide-

ality, every energy demanded by both war and peace can be generously devoted, and in the assurance that eventually the national spirit as well as the individual spirit will most surely be satisfied.

Can it actually be needed, that any sort of special pleading be made, that the American citizenship shall attempt clearly to get in mind the kind of nation that it most desires, the kind of future towards which we shall energize and drift, the kind of hope we shall rest most confidence in, both now and evermore? Surely, enough depends on this, on the ideal nation that we shall commonly bear in mind, to make it of supreme interest to us all. This is to be our country, our home land, in which ourselves and our children are to live. Shall it be a wabbling, decaying, unsatisfactory one, or shall it be stable, upbuilding, and resplendent with satisfaction and hope? It is for us to say which, by saying what sort of ideality, and consequently what sort of practicality, shall prevail, and to what eventual purpose. Our arms, our words, our acts should not, must not, be of uncertain purport here; nor should our expectations be either doubtful or faint-hearted. We should make our patriotism ideal, and by making it nobly ideal we shall be most certain of even the practical results that are so attractive to the practical citizen's supposably un-ideal mind.

Camden, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,* written by Henry Otis Dwight, secretary of the society since 1907, is a timely story, told in pages that glow with life. On every page one sees moving as on a stage the great men who have made the wonderfully romantic history of the American Bible Society. From the vivid description of the meeting for organization in the consistory room of the Garden Street Dutch Reformed Church, on May 8, 1816, through the seven periods into which the history of the one hundred years is divided, the reader pursues with interest the living story. In reading these pages one actually lives through that history. He feels the tension of denominational differences which at the outset came so near "blotting the constitution" that was being written; but he is ever encouraged by the growing spirit of co-operation in this work with the broad purpose of giving the Bible, "the breath of God" to all peoples of the world "without note or comment." In the warm atmosphere of this purpose sectarian differences faded away and after awhile ritualists and non-ritualists were willing to sit in a meeting where prayer was offered by the other.

The growth of the work is wonderful, a vast achievement. From a little room nine by twelve to the Bible House with 741 feet frontage, and branch offices in ten cities of the United States, and in leading cities of twelve foreign countries; from the translation of the Bible in but one language to one hundred and sixty-four different tongues; from annual receipts of $37,779.35 in 1816-17, and $734,089.14 in the fifty-first year, to $840,291.51 in 1914; and finally from the issues of 6,410 bibles the first year to the publication of 6,406,323 New Testaments and Bibles in the ninety-ninth year of the society's history. In 1820 the printing of the society was done on twelve small hand presses; in 1915 the publishing work required the use, sometimes night and day, of sixteen power presses.

From the first, large-minded men have been associated with the work of the American Bible Society, and it has commended itself to the minds of the American people because of its unsectarian purpose to bring the power of religious impulse to work for righteousness in the lives of many peoples, unhindered by the narrow interpretations of partisanship. It has sent forth into all lands and to all peoples who could read at all the Bible, trusting it to speak for itself, and thus has something of the spirit of the Christian Scriptures come into the very structure of awakening nations and growing civilizations. The society has met the frantic opposition of misguided priests, and has been terribly tried by such political disturbances as the Civil War, but it has held to its broad purpose and ever weathered the storm, though suffering loss of income when people were having to pay the inevitable cost of war. Wonderful is the work of faith herein told, and lovers of the Bible everywhere are indebted to the author for the memorable volume.

*The Macmillan Company, New York; 2 vols., $2.00.

A POET'S CABINET,* edited by Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D., presents us with 450 pages of selected quotations from the writings of Prof. George Lansing Raymond, teacher of Æsthetics in Williams College, Princeton, and George Washington Universities. This cyclopedia of quotations is indeed different from that which we have grown to feel is rather useless. The guiding purpose of the editor is to reveal the personality of the author through the selected quotations, alphabetically arranged, giving the characteristic reactions of Prof. Raymond to various subjects and problems of life. The reader sees these habitual gestures of the soul and thus quickly comes to feel acquainted with the personality herein expressed. Prof. Raymond has written voluminously and his many readers will welcome this concise presentation of his verse; while those who have not been acquainted with his writing will find here, in form for handy reference, beautiful, chaste, and sweet, poetry, expressing rich experience and the thought of a truly philosophic mind, keenly observant of life, and in harmony with the best modern thought.

WHAT JESUS THOUGHT OF HIMSELF,* by Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University. The book is prepared for the use of the intelligent layman, interested in understanding the self-consciousness of Jesus, and by one who does not lay claim to the equipment of the specialist in the field of New Testament study. It fulfills its purpose well and is suited for use as an outline in Bible classes wishing to pursue this subject.

But if one is keenly sensitive to the deeper problems of Christology as they present themselves to the modern student of theology, he will not find here the type of discussion which helps him. The thought is

*G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; $1.50 net.
*The Macmillan Company; New York; 1916.

cast in the older mold with such expressions as the two natures of Christ, preserving in form, at least, the older dualism. The author seeks to strengthen faith in Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah; while it seems to us the point of real importance today, is to strengthen faith in The Christ as symbol and ideal of what life ought to be and might become; in the worthfulness, and the value of the ideals of which Jesus' life is the embodiment.

But for those who are interested in the thing Prof. Stokes here does this little volume will provide a helpful outline for study. —H. F. B.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIV.

The Forerunners of the Reformation

John Tauler,	1290-1361
Thomas a' Kempis,	1380-1471 (?)
John Wessel,	1420-1489

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John VIII; 32.

It is historical vivisection but pedagogical wisdom to recognize our limitations and to crowd the great men of these centuries into a few lessons. Wycliff, Huss and Jerome were nearly contemporaneous and today we add the names of Tauler, a' Kempis and Wessel, the first two world famous and the third scholastically famous, all reformers before the Reformation.

We are victims of ignorance if we go through life with the idea that Martin Luther was a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, an inexplicable explosion that came without warning. The truth is no man builded on other peoples labors more clearly than Luther. These Forerunners of the Reformation worked upon the German mind which is given to profound study, open to scientific method and we must recognize that out of the heart of Germany there came that mighty power that shook itself loose from that almost *al*mighty power, the Roman Church. While the Roman Church has been able to hold its grip on the larger part of Europe for four or five hundred years, since that time it has never been enabled to put Germany in leash and drive it in harness. There are German Catholics but they do not dominate German councils or control German universities or exclusively represent German genius.

In two interesting volumes by Ullmann, on "Reformers before the Reformation, Principally in Germany and the Netherlands," we find the names of men we know little about. They are Teutonic; not Slavic, Celtic or Latin. Italy used her reformers for burning; Spain had hardly enough reformers to burn. At that time there were no Austrian, Swiss or German empires, but the Teutonic mind, which possessed independence of thought, splendid vigor of intellect, a consciousness not personal, not individual, but deeply concerned with the other fellow, the consciousness of a civic responsibility.

John Tauler's life of seventy-one years covered the period of the Black Death experience. A very learned man, he was given to pondrous Latinity, legal, formal and ritualistic, but a great and good man. The story is told, and believed authentic, of a certain poor man who tried in vain to understand the young monk's learned sermons and finally, loaded with anxiety and earnestness, asked him what it all meant, whether the Gospel was necessarily so hard to understand. This appeal struck home. Tauler stopped preaching for a period of perhaps two years, after which he went back to it with a new vision. Filled with the mysticism of the time that the Gospel had its credentials from within, he began to give the simple message the peasant asked for and was overborn with the power of it.

This experience came in the teeth of a terrible scourge; the interdict of the Roman Church on account of heresy. An interdict means very little to us but was tremendously ominous to all the Powers of Europe. An interdict meant not only the cutting off of individuals from the sanctities of the church, but a pronunciation against great aggregations of people, whole cities, nations. It meant that the Church withheld absolutely its ministry, no confessions were heard, no christenings or marriages celebrated, no supreme unction administered in death, or the consolations of the church at the grave.

Tauler, working in Strasburg, in the light of his new experience contended that no Pope of Rome should withhold from the people in their dire extremity the comfort of the Gospel message. He himself undertook to console the sick, bury the dead and christen the children, and won thereby tremendous power. He became a great preacher of the German people, almost forgotten now, as is the fate of preachers and actors, who die when their voices die. The achievements of artist, philosopher, poet or writer live after them, and such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, Spurgeon of London and Swing and Ryder of Chicago, men who held thousands spellbound under their preaching, are seldom thought of, their writings seldom read. We have thirty-six sermons by Tauler under the title "The Inner Way," many of them on the Saints, Martyrs, Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Holy Confessors, etc.

Such a mighty preacher was John Tauler, who helped shape the destiny of Germany and defied the power of the Pope. He also became the great interpreter of the new view of religion which planted itself on the inward experience of men and women rather than on outward authority.

We do not want to think of mysticism as nonsense or moonshine. Mysticism is a religious word, equivalent to what in a philosophic sense we call transcendentalism. It is simply the belief that in spiritual and ethical matters the inner sense is safer than the outer, the revelation from the within is worth more than the revelation from without. We all have a little section

of the book of Revelation written in our hearts and lives. If we wish to understand we must listen to the voice within. The results of mysticism have been seen in an occasional recoil from the outwardness of ecclesiasticism and the elaborateness of theology.

The advice of an old judge to a young one is said to have been, "In handing down a decision, if possible do not give your reasons for it. The chances are that in a large percentage of cases your decision will be sound and in a much smaller percentage your reasons unassailable.

Reason is greater than reasoning. Reasoning power is the conscious mechanism of mind that may be put into harness, but in the sum total of judgment the whole being enters in. The theory of the mystic is that it is not your knowledge, or what you have heard about religion, or thought, or read, but head, heart and consciousness must enter in before you get the maximum conclusion, the accumulated habit of brain and conscience. Some of the leading mystics have been Thomas a' Kempis, Fenelon, Channing, Parker and Emerson.

It is claimed that more copies of a' Kempis' little book have been published, and in more languages than of any book in the world, other than the Bible. To within the last fifty or sixty years the authorship was in doubt. Its title, "Of the Imitation of Christ," is a misnomer, being a paraphrase of the first sentence:

"He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished, how we ought to imitate His life and manners, if we would truly be enlightened, and delivered from all blindness of heart.

Thomas Haemmerlein, born in Kempen, Holland, was a chubby, undersized boy when he was sent to his brother's school in Cologne where he was registered as Thomas of Kempen, Latinized into Thomas a' Kempis. He was an innocent, helpless little fellow, was not successful at the work assigned him as steward of the school, but very attentive to his books and worship. If the company grew lively he would slip away to his "friend"; the manuscript gradually growing under his hand. The copy of the book which finally established his identity had certain curious marginal notations which turned out to be musical references. It was a book intended to enrich the church service and is more accurately named the Musica Ecclesiastica. It might have been written in Persia, or Florida as well as in Holland, and could have been written by Quaker, Catholic, Presbyterian or Unitarian so far as it indicates any creedal lines. A' Kempis the most guileless man of his time, made a real contribution to Church ritual and unwittingly blazed the way into a realized internationalism.

John Wessel was another great preacher. The very opposite to a' Kempis, he was a large, homely and pondrous man, a thinker and logician. He was much of a scholar, witty and possessed a power of appreciating the outward as well as inward things. He was possessed of a reformatory spirit and early showed a repugnance to superstition which often evinced itself in his connection with Thomas a' Kempis. Ullman writes:

Thomas, as we have seen was a great worshipper of Mary, and exhorted young Wessel to show the same special reverence for the Holy Virgin. On one occasion, when he was doing this, Wessel replied, "Father, why do you not rather lead me to Christ, who so graciously invites those who labor and are heavy laden to come unto him?" Thomas was no less zealous in fasting, as indeed he was in all parts of discipline; and as he was once inculcating it also upon Wessel and some of the other youths, he received from him the answer, "God grant that I may always live in purity and temperance, and fast from sin and vice!"

While a student at Heidelberg Wessel studied Greek and Latin, and found that the translators of the Bible did not always carry out the full meaning of the text. He began to question and translate parts of the Bible into the vernacular, which translations became the basis of Luther's German Bible.

These three men survived the Catholic Church distrust. It is easy to feel that we are free from mysticism. Are we independent? In flattering ourselves that we are free from ecclesiastical fetters are we mistaking indifference for freedom, stolidity for progress, perhaps merely following the line of least resistance and not being guided by the inner life.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Tell the story of Tauler's change in preaching methods.
(2) What did they lead to?
(3) How did Thomas a' Kempis' "Imitations" come to be written?
(4) Show how Wessel was ahead in thought of his time.

THE TWO ARMIES

As life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"OUR GLORY IS TO SLAY."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."

For those the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

SOWING DRAGON'S TEETH.

When the situation between the United States and the Filipinos was as critical as our relation to Mexico is now, a Nebraska soldier fired a shot. The Filipinos did not want war with us, but war was on, and continued until it was said that we had killed more Filipinos in three years than Spain had in 300. Most of us have forgotten the torture of the "water cure" administered by American soldiers and the "burn and kill, kill and burn policy" of Gen. Jacob Smith. We have forgotten some other things that escaped the censorship, but made small impression on a people ready to accuse Prof. Norton of Harvard and Edward Atkinson as "traitors" because they spoke rationally.

When the inglorious business of subjugation was all over we did introduce the spelling book and sanitation, all of which might far more easily have been done had we had a genius like Sir Andrew Clarke, who for twenty years, without military force, uplifted the Malays of the Straits settlements simply as an official adviser. He spent a month in Washington at the most critical time before the war, but his invaluable advice was not asked and we blundered ahead into unnecessary war.

We seem about to do the same thing again. As if the professional militarists were not making matters bad enough, there comes a minister of the gospel, pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, who gloats over the fact that we took four states from Mexico in the first Mexican war, which was fought in the interest of the extension of the slave power, and which largely created conditions that brought on the Civil War. He tells us that the declaration that we will not take any land by conquest "is a foolish suggestion for well educated men to make." "We ought not," he is reported as saying, "to be bound by such a pledge, for we do not know what will happen."

President Wilson, in his Mobile address two years and a half ago, declared that we would never take any land by conquest. Congress should now indorse that word with no uncertain sound. Otherwise we know only too well what will happen. Great interests that have been hounding the President for years to go into Mexico and whose greed for exploitation is unbounded will see to it that we stay there. We are already told of plans for the censorship of the press when war is begun. How much shall we know of the facts or of the truth or falsehood of newspaper reports and how impartially shall we be able to judge when war is once on?

When we were in danger of war with England over the first Venezuela affair, the clergy of the land came out in one glorious appeal to reason on the Sunday following President Cleveland's message. It produced a profound effect. We had not then been passing through a war hysteria and no great moneyed interest pushed us on. Today the situation is far worse. Instead of acting with other American republics, creating a neutral zone along our border, patrolled by both American and Carranza troops, and withdrawing our own within that zone; instead of investigation of the American interests that have been in collusion with rebels, we are appparently going fatuously into a needless war, a war of the strong against the weak, of the educated against peasants, of the rich against the poor. How can any patriot keep silent so long as a single letter or telegram to Congress may help avert nation-wide calamity?

The Herald. *L. A. Mead.*
Boston, June 26.

CAN WE CHANGE OUR NATURE?

We are not so bound by the fetters of "nature" as not to rise above it. Men say "Human nature does not change." That is a lie. It does change. It ought to change more and faster, but it changes. Do not hasten to be in despair about the human race. It is not doing as well as it ought; far from it, but it could do worse if it tried, and we must not let it try. The little girl prayed wisely who said, "O, God, make me good; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." That is the kind of prayer God can appreciate. God keeps trying. But we have given him needless discouragement. We are not to stop climbing upward; rather we are to be sure of our foundation and of our superstructure. Culture of soul is possible, and may be stable. It is possible for us to add to the qualities we possess. Christian men and women can grow in grace. We can have better health, better tempers, better joys, if we will seek the right meth-

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ods. And we can add these qualities so that they shall last. We need not be forever unstable, nor need we fear retrogression. We can bear the finer qualities of Christian culture. What Burbank does in the botanical world is not unlike what can be done in soul culture. Charles S. Finney used to preach his most powerful sermons on the theme, "The sinner is bound to change his own heart." We are not the slaves of what we call our nature. We can change our nature, and we do—some of us for the worse and some for the better.

The Advance.

REWARD.

There is something for which everyone is fitted or can be fitted to do as well or better than anyone else can do it, according to the Tuskegee philosophy. Here is what Dr. Washington was accustomed to say to his students: "When a negro girl learns to cook, to wash dishes, to sew, to write a book, or a negro boy learns to groom horses, or to grow sweet potatoes or to produce butter, or to build a house, or to practice medicine, as well or better than someone else, they will be rewarded regardless of race or color." "I am constantly trying," said Dr. Washington, "to impress upon our students at Tuskegee and on our people throughout the country, that any man regardless of color will be recognized and rewarded just in proportion as he learns to do something well, learns to do it better than someone else, however humble it may be."

The philosopher-poet Emerson meant the same thing when he said: "If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs, to sell, or can make better chairs, or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods." (By the way, this famous sentence, often misquoted and in various forms credited to other writers, may be found in Emerson's Journals, Vol. 8, page 528.)

That individual who can do something which the world wants done will in the end make his way regardless of his race, was the insistent teaching of Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee. This doctrine has been applied successfully to the leading industries of life, such as farming, dairying, horticulture, blacksmithing, printing, painting, furniture making, cooking, sewing, housekeeping and some other trades and industries. The field of the professions has not as yet been occupied, but the same sound principles might well be applied to the education of successful men and women for the professional walks of life. The day comes on apace when none of the avenues of a true and useful life will be closed to anyone fit to enter them.

W. J. Button.

In the Journal of Education.

ANOTHER MEXICO.

Mexico is not a little country. Her territory covers 785,000 square miles; it is four times as large as that of Spain and three times as large as that of Japan. Her 15,000,000 inhabitants are distributed in twenty-seven states, with local self-government as in our own republic. It is a mistake to think of Mexico as one mass of rebellion and anarchy. Parts of the country are still quiet; portions of the people are yet disposed to be law-abiding and peaceful. Conditions are very unlike in different sections of the land; in the tropical regions, in the mountain valleys and along the great central plateau.

There are not a few disturbing elements; ambitious and upstart leaders; ignorant but bitter partisans; bandits, raiders, adventurers, with their motley followings. They are "shooting up" some sections of the country and instigating murders and reprisals wherever they can strike. They are particularly active along the border of the country and are doing almost as much to stir bad blood and to provoke war with the United States as are certain yellow journals on this side of the Rio Grande. They are a pestilential and a seditious lot.

But they are not all of Mexico, and they are not in all of Mexico. There is more to be considered when we think of that unfortunate republic.

From the Congregationalist and Christian World of July 27.

NEW WARS FOR OLD

By

John Haynes Holmes

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, [Unitarian], New York City, author of "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," "Marriage and Divorce," "Is Death the End?," etc.

DR. FREDERICK LYNCH, *Editor of Christian Work and Evangelist, says:*

"I have read 'New Wars for Old' with great interest. No one has put the case of moral force surpassing physical, and of love as the most irresistible thing, more strongly or persuasively than Mr. Holmes has here. It is the most stimulating reading I have found in a long time; every page challenges one; and its moral intensity is tremendous.

Mr. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, says: "I know of no present day work that takes up so thoroughly and fearlessly the whole history of the deep questions involved in the rise of man to the position of mental and spiritual dominance and true eminence. I think no better service for true preparedness can be rendered this country than to have this book read most widely."

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST "A counterblast to militarism

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INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.